

CLINCH VALLEY NEWS.

VOL. LII. NO. 18

TAZEWELL, VA., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 2,710

TAZEWELL DIRECTORY.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor—J. A. Greaver.
Sergeant—G. L. McClintock.
Assessor—J. H. Lewis.
COUNCILMEN.
J. W. Chapman, James O'Keefe, J. A. Greaver, B. W. Stras, G. B. Surfaces.
POSTOFFICE.
Open during week from 7:30 a. m. to 7:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday.
Money Order window open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. daily except Sunday.
West bound mail closes 1:00 p. m.
East bound mail closes 2:30 p. m.
CHURCH SERVICES.
PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. W. W. Ruff, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning and evening, except the first, when the pastor holds services in Burke's Garden. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening.
METHODIST.—L. P. Martin, Pastor. Preaching on first and third Sunday in each month at 11 a. m.; second and fourth Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening.
BAPTIST.—Rev. D. A. Glenn, Pastor. Preaching the 1st and 3d Sunday in the morning and 2d and 4th Sunday in the evening. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Friday evening.
CHRISTIAN.—Rev. J. N. Harman, Pastor. Preaching every Sabbath morning. Sunday School 9:30 a. m. Prayer meeting every Saturday evening.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Judge Circuit Court.—Hon. S. W. Williams, Wytheville, Va.
Circuit Court Sessions.—3d Monday in April; 4th Monday in August; 3d Monday in December.
Judge County Court.—Hon. J. H. Stuart, Tazewell, Va.
County Court.—Tuesday after the Third Monday.
Clerk Circuit Court.—H. Bane Harman, Tazewell, Va.
Clerk County Court.—T. E. George, Tazewell, Va.
Commonwealth's Attorney.—Jno. T. Barnes, Tazewell, Va.
Sheriff.—John W. Crockett, Tazewell, Va.
Treasurer.—R. K. Gillespie, Poundling Mill, Va.
Commissioner Revenue.—Clear Fork District.—G. A. Sink, Bluestone, Va.
Commissioner Revenue.—Jeffersonville District.—J. N. Johnson, Sayre, Va.
Commissioner Revenue.—Maiden Spring District.—S. H. Laird, Cedar Bluff, Va.
Supervisor, Clear Fork District: J. H. Greaver, Burke's Garden, Va.
Supervisor, Jeffersonville District: J. E. Peery, Tazewell, Va.
Supervisor, Maiden Spring District: W. L. G. Burk, Big Creek, Va.
County Supt. of Schools: P. H. Williams, Snapp, Va.
County Surveyor: Robert S. Williams, Poundling Mill, Va.

CLINCH VALLEY COMMANDERY, NO. 20, KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.
Meets first Monday in each month.
JAMES O'KEEFE, E. C.
W. T. WITTEN, Recorder.

O'Keefe Royal Arch Chapter No. 26.
Meets second Monday in each month.
H. W. O'KEEFE, H. P.
W. T. WITTEN, Sec'y.

TAZEWELL LODGE, NO. 62, A. F. & A. M.
Meets 3d Monday in each month.
ED. L. WRIGHT, W. M.
C. T. PEERY, Sec.

CEDAR BLUFF LODGE, NO. 200, A. F. & A. M.
Meets first Saturday in each month.
T. A. GILLESPIE, W. M.
A. McGUIRE, Secretary.

Are You Afraid?
TO READ BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION?

The New York Journal is the only Metropolitan paper indorsing

Bryan and Sewall
and it daily publishes articles by the leading financiers of the country on both sides of the question.
"Silver versus Gold."
It is progressive, liberal and always espouses the cause of the masses. Every broad minded man should read it, whether Republican or Democrat.

THE NEW YORK JOURNAL.

where, cents \$1.00
al, YORK
PHFUL
respons-
the. Sal-
expens-
ofence.
envel-
ing, Chi-

Stop That Smoke!

The only way in the world to stop that smoke is to stop it. Columns in the News won't stop smoke columns. Telling boys that cigarettes are deadly makes the "today" boy want to try to see how near death he can come. If small boys and big men want to stop smoking cigarettes they can stop it. You can break yourself of most any habit. You can break yourself of paying too much for goods by stopping it.

What's the use of our telling you how? You know but you hate to wear goods that cost little money, you'd rather pay 15 or 20 per cent. more for the same goods—by buying them in the city—ordering from some big merchant.

GET DOWN TO BUSINESS

some more, buy your goods from us, people who you know will give you your money's worth or your money back.

New Spring Suits FOR MEN \$7.50—elegant styles—brown plaids, all wool, fresh from the ovens. Spring Dresses for ladies and misses at 37½c. per yard worth 60c. Organdies, French Dimities, Lawns, etc., 9½ to 10c. per yard worth \$4 to 15c. Prove our assertion by testing these goods.

Harrison & Gillespie Bros.

A Postal Does the Work.

Just write us your needs in the way of FIELD SEEDS and address it to

Farmers' Supply Company,
Roanoke, Va.

and the next mail will bring you quotations on the best seeds in the market, and at prices that suit these hard times. See our representative,

MR. H. D. DERRICK,

Next Court, who will be glad to show samples and make prices.

RENSELAER BICYCLES
GIVE SATISFACTION.
Fitted with Morgan & Wright or Vim Tires, Detachable Sprockets, Wood or Metal Handlebar.
GUARANTEED. Don't buy a wheel until you have seen a '97 RENSELAER. \$75.00.
Best Value Ever Offered. Catalogue Free.
ERWIN MFG CO., Greenbush, N. Y.

Relay Bicycles
Have more points of merit, than any other High Grade Bicycle.
—FULL OF GRACE AND BEAUTY.—
Every Wheel Guaranteed. Send for Catalogue.
Relay Mfg Co., Reading, Pa.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY
FOR WASHING CLOTHES Without hard labor or injury to Hand Fabric.
NO ACIDS, NO LYE.
FRENCH CHEMICAL WORKS, Indianapolis, Ind.

Address Before The B. G. M. & L. Circle.

The following address was made by one of Burke's Garden's most prominent young men on the question, "Resolved, That the Old Maids of Burke's Garden be colonized," before the Burke's Garden Musical and Literary Circle:

Ladies, Old Maids, Gentleman, Old Bachelors and Children. It is with a feeling of delicacy, I approach what seems to be the most puzzling question that has presented itself in the history of the human race. Namely, What are we to do with the Old Maids of Burke's Garden?

This, is perhaps the first time that one has dared to make public this question. "But a time like this demands strong hearts, true faith and willing hands."

I am here to night to uphold, what seems to me and my constituents, a cause that if sustained by you liberally loving people, though unopposed by any people of any clime, will place Burke's Garden on the topmost round of renown and glory. Why? Because it will be due to her action that the world has found out what to do with these sisters of the past century.

It will be useless for me to enumerate the reasons why we should colonize these faded beauties. Suffice it to say they are expensive, they are useless, they are unsought for, found when not looked for, seen when and where not expected, but above all these, they are dangerous to the social circles of our beautiful valley.

My opponent doubtless will plead their stay with us, their stained eyes—with a degree of feeling. For I feel sure that he has reached that age when, he too, has a deep feeling of sympathy for those swiveled grains of the human race, whose purpose in existence is beyond the real, and whose place in the world's history can only be found by placing them in some far distant isle, where the face of man can, and I feel sure will never be seen. There to form their own government, for our system of government touches not their natures in the least.

Fellow citizens, it is a great detriment to our country to have twenty five or thirty outlaws amongst us seeking whomsoever they may devour! Already there is a premium of \$100 per capita being offered on young men—started at that and behold the end is not yet! I appeal to you as valiant citizens to rise in arms if necessary to protect your doors from the snare of womanly treachery.

To colonize these rejected beauties is a perfectly natural procedure, it is in keeping with the laws of nature—therefore of man. When you go to gather your fruit, you do not place the swiveled inferior ones along side of those blushing with freshness and beauty, lest ruin comes to all.

Therefore I say unless we place this neglected fruit apart where its final decay cannot contaminate that which is to us priceless, ruin must inevitably follow.

My opponent may tell you to do this would be to return to the barbarous law of the survival of the fittest, but indeed it would not, and even if it was I am sure it would meet the approval of all, unless it be a few like this gentleman who are standing on the ground of the closing century, beholding the horrors of the realms of "single blessedness."

Then to colonize them will make them infinitely happier, for then no objects of strife will assail them, and strife and contention amongst us will be known no more. And even if internal warfare should break out man's innocent blood would not have to be spilled to satisfy whimsical jealousies. Then too they would have to don the armor of man and lay aside that death dealing weapon generally used in feminine warfare. I think now they will be even ready to form themselves into a colony, when they are fully aware of their perilous position in regard to the general welfare of our beloved Garden. So I now, with no feeling of regret, leave the question to your worthy consideration, and to the Old Maids of B. G. Aurevoir, and I hope good bye.

MR. COLONIZER.

CASTORIA.
The family standard of purity and safety.

UNSATISFIED.

When my youth was in its prime, In the long-lost Eden time, When my feet trod, day by day, Careless, youth's enchanted way, When the hours o'er ran with joy, What was this that brought alloy, Thrilled my soul with faint regret, Ah! my heart was waiting yet.

Waiting yet!

When my life its summer knew, When its buds to blossoms grew, When, like ships that, from the land, Sailing far o'er waters bland, Treasure laden, came to shore; So the years came, o'er and o'er; Still, like sighs, to music set, Breathed my soul its fond regret.

Waiting yet!

When life had poured her piteous horn Of wine and oil and golden corn, Her crimson glories round me spread, Flung purple clusters o'er my head, And crowned with wisdom's pearls my brow;

Waiting yet!

As down time's stream, I turned my prow, The perfumed breezes, landward set, Still burdened with the sad regret.

Waiting yet!

Now, out upon death's solemn sea Toward a vast eternity, Soon shall my bark in silence float, No mortal ken my path to note. Swift, swift, recede, time's barren strand, I want to reach the latter land, Where never sail is outward set, Nor sigh, nor grieving, nor regret.

All longings met!

—Louise W. German, in Chicago Advance.

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER.

Cyril Hardinge entered his West End chambers about one a. m. in a very self-satisfied frame of mind. Previous to that evening fortune had treated him in none too generous a fashion, but now the fickle goddess, seemingly repentant, had made amends by placing fame and fortune well within his grasp. His three-act up-to-date society play had been received by a London audience in a style never anticipated by the author, and when, in response to the repeated calls of the enthusiastic theatergoers, he stepped before the curtain and bowed his acknowledgments, he felt that the hour of triumph had arrived.

All recollections of his previous failures faded from his memory, and his life seemed to date only from that moment. Being possessed of a moderate income, he had never felt the pinch of being hard up, and had met his numerous reverses with commendable fortitude. But now all the world was at his feet; his name was made, his future productions would be eagerly sought after, and, consequently, the glow of pride which suffused his whole frame was pardonable. After the play, he had received the congratulations of a number of men whose names were foremost in the literary world; men not actuated by any feelings of petty jealousy, but men who resolutely encouraged any promising aspirant to immortal fame.

On entering his room he turned up the lights, and not feeling any inclination to retire, he casually took down a large tobacco jar from the mantelpiece and proceeded to load an old briar. Throwing himself into an easy chair, he lit his pipe, and, with extended limbs, puffed clouds of pale blue smoke toward the ceiling. He was a young fellow of about 30, and not affecting the mannerism of others of his class, wore a dark beard trimmed in the style immortalized by the genius of Van Dyke, a fact which made him look considerably older than he really was.

A mass of thick black hair accentuated the pallor of his clearly-cut face—a face cold, reserved and dignified, and one which revealed to the close observer much of its possessor's life story. He showed that its owner had seen times of trouble, times when the very heart seemed to be knocked out of the man—times when his only companion was gloomy despair; but the shape of the mouth revealed the man who by sheer force of character had risen superior to the trials which fate had imposed upon him.

As he sat there, consoled by the soothing charms of the goddess Nicotina, his thoughts were of a decidedly pleasant nature. He had achieved success—achieved it when young.

And yet, a look of intense and passionate longing occasionally crept across his face. Did past memories trouble him, or did he vainly endeavor to look into the dim future? He sat and smoked for some time, and then his eyes rested on the table by his side, on which lay an envelope addressed to him. He took it up in a listless fashion and lazily scrutinized it. He saw that it had been written by a female hand, and had not been through the post, and he therefore concluded that it had been left by a caller. He broke it open, and read the following epistle:

"Dear Sir:—Please pardon the liberty I take in writing to you. I have just witnessed the great success of your play. You have now made your name and will be much sought after. Will you grant me the privilege of interviewing you? I am endeavoring to set my foot upon the first rung of the literary ladder, but so far have not met with success. I am not connected with any paper, but feel confident that the report of an interview with you would be accepted. I shall call to-morrow in order to learn your decision. Yours very truly,

"ANNIE RALEIGH."

Hardinge read the communication with much interest, but never looked at the signature. He put the letter on one side, pressed down the tobacco in his pipe and between whiffs muttered:

"Poor girl, no success—well, surely in the hour of my triumph—I can do some one a good turn—call to-morrow—umph, reserving, too—well, well—I hate to be bored—and by a woman, too—however, I think I'll see her—I wonder who she is?" and he took up the letter again.

"Annie Raleigh!" he cried. "Good heavens! surely 'tis not—no, it cannot be—she is married long ago, and vegetating somewhere in the country long ere this; but what a curious coincidence."

The name seemed to have wrought a flood of reminiscences, and with dreamy eyes he conjured up a scene of many years back when he was the happy lover of a young girl of 18. His mind rambled for some time among those days of long ago, and at length he rose and opened a cabinet standing on his dressing table. He rooted out a bundle of old letters, and from among them took out a slightly-faded photograph. It was a photo of a young lady, attired in a pure white dress. It was a dainty little figure, slim and neat, with a pair of laughing eyes, surmounted by a mass of beautiful hair.

He held it in his hand for some time and gazed on it as though spellbound. At length his lips parted, and in a voice of agony he groaned:

"Oh, Annie, Annie, why were you not true? Oh, heaven, how I loved you—loved you with a love which was my very existence. I thought—fool that I was—you loved me, too; but no, no, no, you did not. I was simply a toy—a toy to be played with—and when tired of thrown ruthlessly aside. Ah, well, I was foolish to be entangled by a pretty face; and yet—no—I was not. A man loves but once in his life, and truly I loved then. It was destiny, destiny, and shaped to a curious end. But surely it is time I had got over that feeling; and yet, Annie, my blood rises at this cold picture of you, and I love with the same intensity as of yore. Those were indeed happy days—days when I lived in a fool's paradise." He laid the photograph down and pondered. "I wonder where she is now—does she ever think of me—does she feel any pang of regret? Possibly she thinks me dead; perhaps it would be better if I were so. She would not recognize me now," and he carelessly stroked his beard.

He put the photo back in the cabinet and threw himself into his chair again. But the gates of memory had been opened, and in that night he lived again the life of years ago. He revealed in the self-torture, and whipped with unparalyzing hand the cruel sores which time could never heal, and the deep groans which occasionally burst from his compressed lips revealed the agony of the soul within.

When he arose from his chair and went to bed it was four a. m.

"A lady wishes to see you, sir."

Hardinge was seated at his table with a pile of "dallies" before him, studying with immovable face the press notices of his play. Lifting his eyes for a moment, he briefly exclaimed: "Ah! what name?"

He took the piece of pasteboard handed to him, and the color rose to his pale face as he read the old familiar name. "Very well, tell the lady I'll see her. Show her up."

"Curious," he soliloquized, "none of these criticisms can raise the slightest emotion, but that name—" and he stopped.

A few moments later the lady entered, and as he turned to greet her caught sight of her face.

"Good heavens!" he gasped, "'tis Annie!" and then he became cool again. He offered her a chair, and, seeing that she was at a loss as to how she should commence, opened the conversation.

"So, Miss Raleigh, you wish to interview me?"

"I am afraid I cannot adequately express my sense of gratitude," she replied, with a sweet smile, which caused his heart to bound again; "you are indeed too kind."

"Well, I am afraid you have chosen rather a poor subject," said Hardinge; "you see I am hardly yet a celebrity, but if I can assist you in any way I shall only be too pleased. Cross-examine me as you like, for as you know, it will be quite a novel experience, as far as I am concerned."

"Thank you. But, Mr. Hardinge, I really don't know how to commence. I suppose I had better jot down a few particulars about your surroundings, etcetera."

She took out a notebook and a pencil, and as she bent forward to write, Hardinge carefully scrutinized her. She was still the same sweet girl he had loved. True, she looked older, and a great deal more serious, giving him the impression that her life had not altogether been cast in pleasant places.

"I wonder how she came to this," he thought. "Her husband must either be a wastrel, or he must be dead, and in taking up literature she has gone back to her maiden name. Ah, well! I suppose I ought to feel highly delighted to see one who scorned me brought to this state; but upon my word I don't. My heart goes out to her again. How I should like to know what has happened during the last eight or nine years; and, as Providence has placed the opportunity in my power, I will make a bold effort to fathom all before she leaves."

The interviewer looked up, and in rather a beseeching tone said:

"Mr. Hardinge, I have very crude ideas as to how I should go about this interview. I wish you would give me a few details about yourself, your work and methods, and then perhaps I could jot down a few particulars, which I could weave together afterward."

He smiled sadly, and then gave her the information required. She made some notes, and then the conclusion put away her book, and after thanking him again, made a movement as if preparing to depart. Hardinge noted this, and at his wife's end, blurted out, in a desperate fashion:

"So you are endeavoring to adopt literature as your profession, Miss Raleigh?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I find it very difficult indeed to get a foothold."

"Do you write stories? Excuse the liberty I take, but I feel quite an interest in you."

"Oh, thank you. Yes, I try my hand occasionally at a short story."

"Well, Miss Raleigh, what do you think of this for a plot? Do you think it could be woven into a story? I can only give you the incidents as far as I know them, so you would have to make your own conclusion. Above all, it has

the merit of being true. Shall I give you the incidents?"

"If you would be so kind, I should be extremely grateful."

"Then here you are. By a curious coincidence, your name is that of the heroine, and it is that fact which has recalled everything to my mind."

Hardinge proceeded with his tale. He dared not look at his visitor as he remorselessly went on; perhaps it was well he did not do so, as the indescribable agony which overspread her features would have acted upon his chivalrous instincts and forced him to stop. But as he did not look in her direction he did not notice this, and cruelly continued:

"Some years ago—I forget how many—a young fellow, who was my chum at Oxford, spent his vacation at Millfield, a little village in the north. While there Fred—Fred Gower was his name—met and fell in love with the vicar's daughter, Annie Raleigh. They became engaged, and shortly afterward he went out to India, in order to represent his father's business house in Calcutta."

"For some months a correspondence passed between the two, but at length Fred received word from some friend in the village that the vicar's son was paying close attention to Miss Raleigh, and it was rumored that they were engaged to be married. In a fit of passion, Fred wrote, breaking off the engagement, even before he received any corroborative evidence. The lady was either stung by the letter, or the rumor was correct, as she did not reply, and from that day he has never seen or heard of her. He did not make any inquiries, he did not write to his informant, but simply waited at Calcutta until he had set the business affairs in order. He then went off into the hills, intending to lose himself there, and cut himself off from all things which would bring to mind his unfortunate love."

"Poor fellow! I often wonder what has become of him. He has not written to any of his old friends, and, I suppose, almost forgotten by all. But really, Miss Raleigh," he added, turning to her and not noticing her agitated countenance, "you don't look well. Can I get anything for you?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Hardinge. But—no doubt you will think me foolish—your story has quite upset me."

"I am awfully sorry. I would not have related it had I known. But why should it upset you?"

"Well," said the lady, her pale lips trembling, "I am the Annie Raleigh you have been speaking of. Fred Gower was my lover. Poor Fred," she added, meditatively, "and all through a misunderstanding."

"A misunderstanding?" said Hardinge, in an incredulous tone. "How was that? Pardon my curiosity, but no doubt you will understand why I should be curious."

"Well, as you were a friend of his, and knew one part of the story, perhaps it would be as well if you were acquainted with the other part." She sighed deeply and went on: "It is true that the vicar's son did pay me attentions. We were busily engaged in organizing some amateur theatricals at the time, and as we were both taking prominent parts we were thrown into each other's society a great deal. But I was entirely faithful to Fred, and when I thought did make love to me I promptly gave him his answer."

"But, I am sorry to say, the idle tongues of the villagers had already commenced wagging, and I heard some of the rumors. Then Fred's petulant letter came, and I felt so piqued and offended at his suspecting me that I did not answer. At length the feeling wore off, and I wrote, explaining all. But the letter never reached its destination and was returned to me. Twelve months later my father died, and gradually I was forced to adopt some means of obtaining a living, and, always having a taste for literature, I have tried to make my way in the literary world. Poor Fred, his petulance and my pride ruined two lives. I am afraid. But, Mr. Hardinge," she said, raising her sweet blue eyes, now suffused with tears, "I have remained faithful to my lover's memory."

"For heaven's sake, Annie, look at me!" cried Hardinge, springing to his feet and seizing her hand. "Do you not recognize me? Do you not know my voice?"

Startled and surprised, the lady rose, and, prompted by a sudden impulse, gazed into his eyes. She paled, drew back, and then, in a voice of mingled agony and delight, cried:

"If I am my eyes deceiving me!—no, it cannot be—Fred Gower is dead—and yet—oh, merciful heaven—it is! and in a fit of passionate tears she threw herself upon his breast."

Hardinge—or rather Gower—pressed her closer to him, and in a sweet, low voice consoled her, begging forgiveness for all he had done.

"My life, my love, my all. Fate strangely parted us. Fate has strangely united us. You are mine now forever."

"Forever," was the almost inaudible reply, as she raised her glistening eyes to his.—Tit-Bits.

American Dried Fruit.
In a report to the state department of the subject of American dried fruits in Switzerland, United States Consul Germain at Zurich speaks of the success that attended the introduction in France last season of California prunes, and then, following out the prospect thus opened, he says that French receivers are arranging to have all dried fruit packed in cases similar to those used in France, using French marks, so that the goods may be sold to the retailers as French fruit.

A cistern four feet in diameter contains 4.66 barrels for every foot of depth. A six-foot cistern contains 6.61, a seven-foot contains 9.13, one of eight feet contains 11.03 barrels, one of nine feet 13.10, and one of ten feet 15.65 barrels.